

Burning Love What If I Never Get Over You

Chapter 14 Unreasonable Women

Cheryl knew that her love for Jarred was like a fast-growing and hard-to-kill virus. If she wanted to uproot him from her heart and destroy any hope that she could cling to, she had to put herself in a horrible situation. This was her plan to free herself from her love as soon as possible. Soon, there was a commotion at the entrance of the venue.

Cameras flashed rapidly. Cheryl looked over.

She saw him immediately through the bustling crowd.

Jarred was dressed in a black tailored suit, which made him look cold and haughty. His thin gold-rimmed non-prescription glasses were perched on the tall bridge of his nose, adding to his nobility. As he strode forward, a beautiful and smiling figure trotted up behind him and grasped his arm.

Jarred stopped and frowned.

The woman smiled sweetly and didn't seem to notice anything wrong.

There were so many people around. Jarred said nothing and let the woman keep holding his arm.

Surprise emanated from the guests and the media. Countless eyes were glued to Jarred's female companion. Ines was wearing a V-necked champagne dress, revealing her deep cleavage. Her curly hair cascaded down her shoulders. She and Jarred looked stunning together.

Everyone was discussing them.

"This is the first time I've seen Jarred with a woman. Which family is she from?" "I heard that Mr. Fuller has been married for a long time. Is this his wife?"

"How could we not have heard about Jarred getting married? Don't talk nonsense. Maybe she is just his lover."

Ines smiled complacently when she heard these words.

She was not only Jarred's first female companion in public, but also his future wife, the woman who would always stand beside him.

When Jarred shook off Ines' hand and got a glass of wine, she was jolted to her senses. "Jarred, can I drink?" She pretended to ask for Jarred's opinion. To an outsider, it looked like he tenderly took care of her.

"You can if your doctor says it's okay," Jarred said lightly.

Ines nodded and picked up a glass of wine. She stood as close to him as she could.

Jarred took a step away from her. Ines' face froze for an instant, but then she hid her displeasure behind a gentle smile.

She took a sip of wine. Suddenly her eyes fixed on someone who wasn't supposed to be there.

"Hey..."

Jarred, I need to go to the bathroom." Ines made an excuse to leave his side.

Cheryl had been observing every move Jarred and Ines made, no matter how painful it was for her to look at them. Something knocked into her.

Cheryl was pushed aside. She managed to grab a table and steady herself. She frowned and turned around. There was a woman with heavy makeup and a bright yellow dress that was even more dazzling than the chandeliers in the room. "Ah, I'm sorry. I didn't see you standing there."

The woman covered her mouth with her hand. A gloating smile could still be seen in her eyes.

She turned to look at the brown-haired woman who was arm-in-arm with her. "Queenie, why didn't you tell me I was going to run into her?"

"She is too inconspicuous," Queenie Stewart said innocently. "Rosie, you can't blame me." It was clear that they were mocking Cheryl. Cheryl was seldom present at this kind of occasion, and it was even rarer for her to offend others. Queenie glanced at Cheryl contemptuously and said, "What kind of off-brand clothes are you wearing? Can't you afford even one piece of jewelry? How could such a poor person sneak into this party? You'd better get out of here now, or I'll get the security guards to drag you out." Queenie tried to shove Cheryl. Cheryl dodged sideways. Queenie missed her target and almost fell down. Rosie Lang grabbed her arm and held her up. They both glared at Cheryl. "How could you..." "I have an invitation," Cheryl explained desperately. She had never before met such unreasonable strangers at a dinner party. Rosie sneered. "Are you kidding me? How could a poor girl like you be invited?" "That's what the last woman who snuck in here with hopes of seducing a man and becoming a mistress said. But she didn't have an invitation at all." Queenie rolled her eyes. "Do you dare to show us your invitation?" Cheryl's head had begun to ache. She wanted these two to leave her alone.

She opened her handbag and rummaged for a moment before she froze.

The invitation...

was missing.

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